

smiling. I don't know how to take her. She's always playing games.

I look around, no one in the immediate vicinity. "Well, why don't we get together some night, you know, for the sake of what might have been." I can't believe I said it. The beer must be starting to work on me.

"That sounds really interesting," she says. She gets up and walks over to the picnic table where Dale is sitting, giving me a look over her shoulder that makes my mouth water.

"Ouch." The coals flare up again.

Everyone has eaten and they're starting to get drunk. I walk down the hall to the bathroom. Amy opens the door just as I get there. She gives me another look and rubs her body against me as she goes by. I reach up and feel her breasts, rubbing the brown nipples through her blouse. They get harder. She giggles and pushes me away. I hear a noise at the end of the hall. It's that idiot, my father-in-law, running his movie camera at us. She walks by him, through the living room and out on to the patio, blushing all the way. My wife's grandmother blows a plume of smoke and says, "I think that girl should wear a bra, don't you?" I grab the movie camera from him and walk out the front door. I smash it to pieces on the driveway.

INCHWORM

People get intoxicated and go to fast food restaurants on Friday night and do things they wouldn't ordinarily do.

Earlier that night two women had come in, ordered some greasy food, and flirted outrageously with him. They were in their early thirties, quite pretty, quite drunk. A lot of make-up, nicely dressed. They told him to take his pants off.

"I'm sorry, I'm on duty now. Perhaps another time." That was the way to handle it. Say something innocuous and get them out of your face. That was the way to do it. They're not looking to get laid anyway, and even if they were, he wasn't off until 2 in the morning. If they were really seriously horny either the mood would be gone or some other lucky fool would get in their way. A lot could happen to a couple of horny women in a couple of hours. It didn't matter. Just get them out of your face.

It was busy tonight. He straightened his tie. They closed in an hour.

"Your mother's a slut," a young Marine had told him.

"And yours wears army boots. Have a nice night and drive carefully." Get them out of your face.

"WHY ARE GUYS LIKE THAT?" It was Teresa. She was running the drive-thru register. A car had just driven off.

"What's the matter?" She looked really upset, almost crying.

"Why are guys like that?"

"What'd he say?"

She hugged herself under her small breasts, blinking back tears. It must have been something good. Teri was tough. Young, cute, and small, but tough. Not easily rattled. Two years on the night shift had made her mean.

Guys like to fuck with the young, cute, small ones. Try to shock them. One time a car load of young drunk guys drove thru, ordered some food from her and pulled their dicks out, so she could look down into the car as she passed them their food. She laughed at them and said, "That all you got, inchworms? There's probably not eight inches in the whole carfull." They drove off quickly, leaving part of their order behind.

"What'd he say?"

"I'm not going to repeat it."

It must have been something good.

RUTH AND ELLIS CELEBRATE INDEPENDENCE DAY

They walked down the beach, Ellis leading the way. He was looking sharp in his white undershirt tank top, black speedo swim suit, brown wing tips and knee high purple Argyle socks, sweat soaking into his straw cowboy hat from the exertion of carrying the cooler full of beer and food with the hibachi on top.

Ruth followed behind in her zebra print bikini, cheesy white flab hanging out all over, panty hose on underneath with the dark brown top of them coming down half way to